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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

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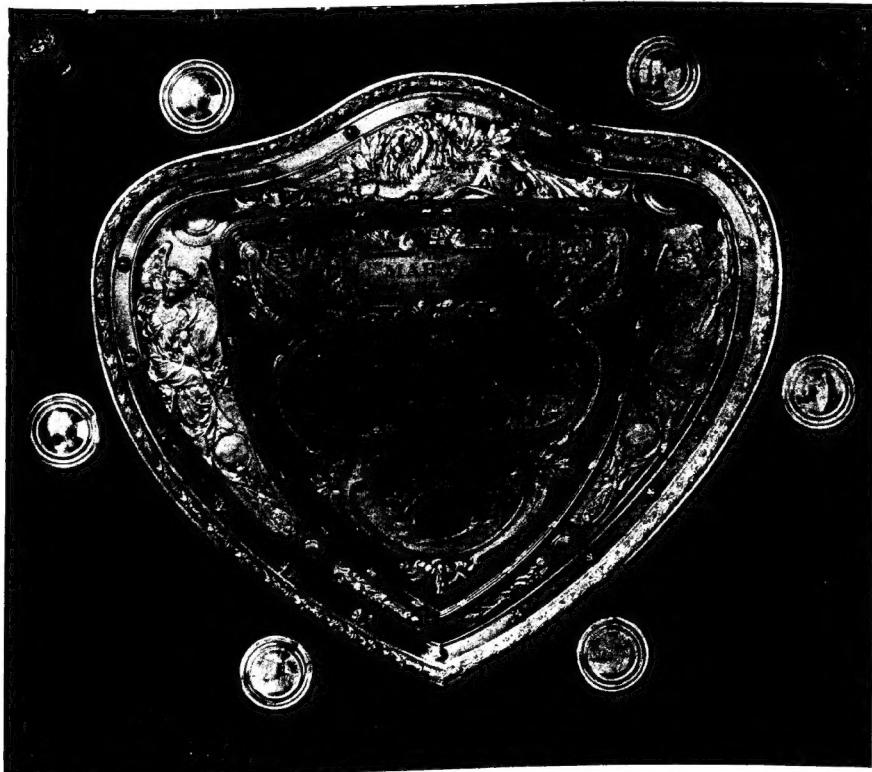
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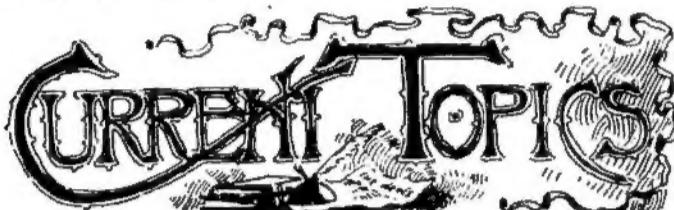
THE "MARTIN" NURSERY CHALLENGE SHIELD,
WON BY THE VICTORIA RIFLES AT THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC R. A. MATCHES.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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Mr. Morris Moss, owner of the Black Diamond, has, through Mr. Prior, M.P., it appears, made representations to the Dominion authorities to the effect that Ounalaska and others of the Aleutian Islands are below the parallel named in the Treaty of 1824, as the extreme southern boundary of the Russian possessions in America. According to the treaty in question, the Island of Prince of Wales was to belong wholly to Russia. Then, commencing from the southernmost point in that island (said point lying in the parallel of 54 deg. 40 min. north latitude), the boundary line was to ascend northward along the Portland Channel till it struck the 56th deg. of north latitude. From there the line of demarcation was to follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude, from which point the meridian of 141 degrees was to form the limit between the Russian and British possessions as far as the shores of the Frozen Ocean.

We are not aware, however, that this convention as to the demarcation of British and Russian territory was ever regarded as affecting Russia's claim to the Aleutian Islands, which is supposed to rest on the discovery of Behring. They were taken possession of by the agents of the Czar in 1745. The fur trade (that in seal and sea otter especially) proved a fruitful source of gain to the Russians, who sold them at first mainly in the Chinese market. In later years, as the Siberian fur-bearing animals grew more and more scarce, the demand for the products both of sea and land increased, and eventually the Russians made good their footing on the American continent. That there should arise competition for the spoil was only to be expected. British, Spanish and American vessels sought a share in the traffic; but the Russians, having the great advantage of a foothold on both the Asiatic and American shores, were able to establish their supremacy.

That they had, at one time, extended their operations as far southward as to bring them into direct conflict with the Spaniards, is evident from the name of the Russian river which enters the sea in Mendocino County, California. The Russians once had a settlement on Bodega Bay, opposite Mount Helena, and on the summit of the mountain itself, which they called Moyacino, they had set up an inscription on a tablet of copper to indicate the line of boundary that Russia then claimed. The head of the United States and Mexican Boundary Commission, the explorations of which were conducted in the years 1850-53, had, during his visit to the neighbourhood, fallen in with persons who had seen the inscription.

The chain, which extends from the peninsula of Kamtschatka to that of Alaska, properly consists of three groups—the Aleutian or Rocky Islands, the Andeanoff and the Fox Islands. The whole archipelago lies between the 52nd and the 55th degrees of north latitude, and thus some of the islands are clearly south of the line designated in the boundary treaty. The question is whether articles 3 and 4 of that document refer merely to the coast and interior, or embrace also the insular portion of the territory transferred to the United States in 1867. Mr. Moss's theory is a novel one, as the right of Russia to the entire chain of islets has never before, we believe, been disputed, the clauses of the treaty that mention 54 deg. 40 min. as the southern limit of Russia's possessions being interpreted as having to do with the coast and interior only. It remains to be seen whether the view which would assign those clauses a larger significance will be seriously entertained by the British and Canadian Governments.

Reference was made in our last issue to an important article on "Canada, its National Development and Destiny," that appeared in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. It was unavoidable, in view of the actual state of opinion in England and the Colonies, that the author should pronounce some judgment on the subject of Imperial Federation, as it concerns the Dominion. The conclusions that he has reached are expressed in these terms: "1. That the Canadians will accept no scheme which may in any way whatever weaken the admirable system of Federal Government and of Provincial freedom which Canada possesses under her present Constitution. 2. That Canadians hesitate to entrust the arrangements of her financial or fiscal policy to any Parliamentary body in which the representation will be necessarily small and her influence consequently insignificant. 3. That a million or more French-Canadian people look suspiciously on a scheme of Federation which may curtail their privileges and bring them under the control of an Imperial Parliament, in which their peculiar interests may be jeopardised and their identity as a distinct race eventually lost." The passage just quoted is, we believe, a fair statement of the attitude of the bulk of our population (including the educated and thoughtful portion of it) on the subject, and we agree with the writer, Dr. Bourinot, that it cannot be considered favourable to the proposed scheme. At the same time there is a very general feeling that any movement that would tend to ensure the integrity of the Empire, while guarding the cherished privilege of freedom from any outside control, is worthy of encouragement. We are not surprised to learn, therefore, from the same authority that the promoters of Imperial Federation are making steady headway.

Even the British press is beginning to resent the arrogance of those tourists who, after hurried visits to a country—visits that permit of only superficial observation of its people and its resources—deem themselves qualified to deliver judgment *ex cathedra* concerning all that pertains to it. In these days when any one who has means and time to spare can traverse continents and oceans with ease and safety, and when it is no rare thing to meet with intelligent men who have made acquaintance with people of every race, colour and tongue in their native climes, it is folly to write books of travels that are merely transcripts of the published experiences of previous wayfarers. Only after a

prolonged stay amid the scenes that he would describe and careful studies of exceptionally interesting features in the scenery, products, trade, politics or society, should one take the responsibility of increasing the burden of the booksellers' shelves with new volumes of travel. For works like those of Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle," Bates's "Naturalist on the Amazon," or those of Livingstone and Stanley, Kinglake, Curzon and Prime, there will always be readers (and of such works there is no lack); but, for the publication of bare records of locomotion and of sights seen in passing along not unfamiliar routes there is no justification whatever. And when, as sometimes happens, such *crambe repetita* has neither charm of style nor the merit of trustworthy narrative, it is not surprising that critic and public should lose patience under the infliction. The most dangerous of such books, however, are those which are inaccurate and prejudiced, and at the same time attractively written.

Though Canada has suffered at different times from both these classes of misrepresentation, it has, on the whole, less reason to complain than some of the sister colonies. The Australian provinces, South Africa and the West Indies have all in turn protested against the inexact accounts of tourists who would pose as authorities. The Cape is the latest complainant, the offender being a noble traveller who spent some six weeks in the country. In commenting on some of his misapprehensions, *Imperial Federation* gives the following piece of advice: "That our public men should travel and see with their own eyes the Greater Britain beyond the seas is unquestionably desirable. Perhaps it is also desirable that, as a rule, they should confine themselves to seeing, and write as little as may be when they get home again." This advice would certainly be profitably followed in some instances; but, on the other hand, we cannot be too grateful to visitors whose interest in our welfare is undisputed and who take pains to learn the truth about us and deal fairly with us. To writers of this category Canada owes not a little, and among them we would mention with special respect the names of Dr. Tanner and of Mr. Dyke, who are now paying the Dominion a visit.

Mr. Dyke, who is the agent of the Dominion Government at Liverpool, and who has been in the public service of Canada for more than twenty years, has always shown himself a sincere and judicious friend of this country. His share in providing settlers for the North-West has not been small, some of the most flourishing colonies having been originally organized through his efforts. It was he, too, who induced the farmers' delegates from the United Kingdom, whose observations and conclusions form an instructive volume, to proceed to the North-West. He has also done much by pen and tongue to promote trade between Europe and Canada, and the latter's success at the Antwerp Exhibition was largely due to his exertions.

Professor Tanner, selections from whose writings we have lately placed before our readers, has been one of the most earnest advocates in Great Britain of North-Western colonization. His essays on Canadian agriculture have been accepted as standard authorities on the subject. He has a vigorous and agreeable style, and his pamphlets abound in various information. He is at present in Canada in connection with a Colonization Company, in which Lord Brassey is interested.

Of the distinctive features of the present age there is not one that has compelled more attention

from thoughtful minds than the wide-spread agitation and controversy on the labour question. The problem is certainly not a new one, nor is it in our day that demands for its solution have been first put forward. Neither is it in this generation that the labourers themselves have first appeared as the advocates of their own cause. The grievances of which they complain are as old as civilization, and even in the most oppressive of those old despots under which the multitude was merely a beast of burden, there was always some bold spirit of the Mosaic type to stand up on behalf of his unhappy brethren. Sometimes he succeeded in rousing in their minds the longing for emancipation and in inspiring the courage and energy to fight for it. From China to Gaul history has kept the record of risings, even in remote ages, against the tyranny of the oppressor. With the establishment of Christianity began a new era for the industrial classes. Already the rudiments of organization were not unknown. Trade societies existed under the Empire both in the East and in the West. In the Middle Ages the guild became a recognized institution, and some of the greatest triumphs of architecture were achieved under the system. But the workman was not able to keep out the element of capital, which was not seldom associated with the aristocratic spirit. The character which the old guilds came eventually to assume is seen by the liberties of London city.

The trades-union, which has had its birth in our own day, marks a virtual, though happily a peaceful, revolution. The old repressive English laws that prevented workmen from combining even for the defence of their interests, were abolished in 1824. But there were still vexatious restrictions, which tended to make that a crime which was not and was not meant to be criminal. Not until the year 1871 was the co-operation of labour, in the protection of its rights and the urging of its just claims, made entirely legitimate. Since then the labour movement has made surprising progress, both in Europe and on this continent. Every department of industry and handicraft has for years had its special organization, while central unions and labour congresses serve as a bond of sympathy and make common action comparatively easy. In 1869 the society, now so wide-spread and so powerful, of the Knights of Labour, was organized in Philadelphia. More than any other body, it has given common life and solidarity to industry, and is to-day a power which neither statesmen nor capitalists can wisely ignore. That, in the endeavour to bring relief from one form of oppression, this great movement may, without the wisest guidance, subject the workmen to a new tyranny, its most enlightened leaders have frankly admitted. Nor will the victim be satisfied to be assured that these checks and hindrances are for his good. Yet, to gain for his class any advantage that is worth having, the individual must make some sacrifice of his personal freedom. Civilization itself is the result of such compromises.

In Canada the labour movement has, with a few regrettable exceptions, proceeded in harmony with the general interests of the community. Labour Day has been inaugurated with the sympathy of employers as well as of employed, and under the auspices of authority. Canadian labour has its representatives in Parliament, in the Legislatures, and in the magistracy of the country. It is sincerely to be hoped that its best aspirations may seek and find their fulfilment under the same influ-

ences of law and order which have hitherto directed its course. The true principle of labour organization is not merely that the interest of one trade is the interest of all trades; but also that the interest of labour, rightly understood, is the interest of capital as well, and that all useful work—industrial, commercial or professional—is entitled to the name of labour and to a share in its responsibilities, its prizes and its prestige. This principle has, indeed, already been recognized in recent assemblies of the Knights of Labour, at which delegates were present from the ranks of medicine, journalism and education, as well as from those of manufacture and business.

We have been much encouraged by the manner in which our "Brandon Number" was received, not only in the North-West, but in the Dominion generally. We have, we believe, always given satisfaction in the illustration of cities, towns, and their vicinity, and we purpose continuing, from time to time, to lay the most important business centres, both in Old and New Canada, before our readers in the same way, until the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED contains a panorama of what is most noteworthy in our national life. In an early issue we hope to present some fine views of Hamilton, one of the most beautiful of Canadian cities, and one of the most enterprising and prosperous. The recent successful carnival furnishes an excellent opportunity for the graphic illustration of that important centre, the engravings of which—a representative collection—are now in course of preparation.

WHAT ALASKA MEANS.

The excitement concerning the seizure of British vessels by American revenue cutters in the Northern Pacific has naturally directed the thoughts of those most interested in these outrages to the policy of the late Secretary Seward in the purchase of Alaska. It is worthy of note that some years before the Civil War Mr. Seward had (for reasons suggested by the rivalry that ended in the great struggle between North and South) earnestly striven to divert the thoughts of his compatriots from the old Spanish possessions to the vast stretch of British territory lying beyond the northern boundary. The motives that prompted him to advise the Government and people of the United States to conciliate the Canadians rather than to coax or force the Mexicans to part with their outlying provinces were obvious. He knew that every accession from the Mexican side added to the strength of the Southern or slave interest, while, if Canada's good-will could be secured in favour of annexation, the balance of power would dip to the advantage of the North. That he had formed a high estimate of the resources of the then unpeopled North-West he has left ample record to show. The jealousy of the long preponderating South and the loyalty of Canada to the Crown of England prevented his counsel being accepted, and it was not till after a sanguinary conflict that the Union was established on a safe footing and the power of the slave-holders broken. After the war the feeling towards England was unfriendly, and Canada suffered a good deal of annoyment. How far the acquisition of Alaska was in due sequel of the policy of which the Fenian raids were an unpleasant feature, we need not now ask. Mr. Seward found little support from Congress when he first broached the subject—the late Senator Sumner being the strongest defender of his proposal. Eventually he carried the day, though in the face

of vigorous opposition, and the negotiations ended by the transfer of all Russian America to the United States for \$7,200,000.

Neither in the United States nor in Great Britain was the bargain deemed a good one for the purchaser. It was not until Mr. Dall and other observant scientists had made a fairly careful survey of the more accessible portions of the vast region that its real value began to be recognized. The furs and fisheries were deemed to be the chief sources of wealth, and little else was looked for. In sheer extent of territory Mr. Seward's purchase might well, indeed, be considered a bargain. From north to south it has a breadth of some 1,400 miles, while from the Canadian border on the east to the most westerly of the Aleutian Islands, it has a length of 2,200 miles. Its coast line is greater than that of the Pacific and Atlantic Coast lines of the rest of the United States combined. Its most westerly point passes the most easterly point of the Asiatic continent by about 1,000 miles. Such an area of country must be poor in natural products if it did not compensate in some measure for the outlay which it had occasioned. The climate is much less arctic than the situation might seem to imply—the Kuro Siwo, or Pacific "Gulf Stream," tending to modify both the rigours of winter and the heats of summer. It seems hardly credible that (as one authority confidently states) the temperature at Sitka should have fallen to zero only four times in forty-five years, and that only seven summers in the same period gave a higher temperature than 80 degrees Fahrenheit.

As to Alaska's main and, in popular estimation, only source of wealth, a Russian firm obtained in 1799 an exclusive grant of the chase and trade in seal furs; and these privileges were renewed from time to time down to the date of transfer. On this point it is noteworthy that Mr. Ivan Petroff, who is an authority on Alaskan affairs, thus refers to the effects of the American purchase: "The Russian American Company derived large profits in exchanging the most valuable furs (sea-otter, fur-seal and land-otter) for tea on the Chinese frontier and importing that article into Russia; but with the transfer of Alaska its resources became accessible to everybody, and a fierce rivalry in trade was the result." He then goes on to speak of the purchase by a San Francisco firm of the company's vessels, buildings and other improvements, and adds that, of course, that firm was unable to secure the company's privileges. The next step was the lease to the same firm of the Pribiloff Islands, the only resort of the fur-seal in Alaskan waters. The value of this franchise is shewn by the fact that the annual rent and royalty derived from it by the Washington Government has already gone far towards paying up the purchase from Russia. Mr. Petroff, who, though of Russian origin, is an American citizen, never dreamed evidently of such a claim as that which the United States Government has been putting forward of late. The value of the total annual yield of furs of all kind in Alaska ranges from \$2,000,000 to \$2,250,000. The salmon, cod and whale fisheries of Alaska are of considerable value. There is also an extensive herring fishery, which has its centre of operations on Admiralty Island. The timber of Alaska is by no means worthless—the southeastern part of the "district" being covered to a large extent with spruce, hemlock and yellow cedar—this last highly prized for cabinet making and shipbuilding. Mr. Dall, of the Smithsonian Institution, found the country to be



MISS HELEN E. GREGORY, MUS. BAC., B.A.,
OF TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO.



SERGEANT-MAJOR H. S. ROGERS,
WINNER OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S GOLD MEDAL AT THE KINGSTON MILITARY COLLEGE.



WM. RUTHERFORD, Esq.,
PRESIDENT CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF MONTREAL.



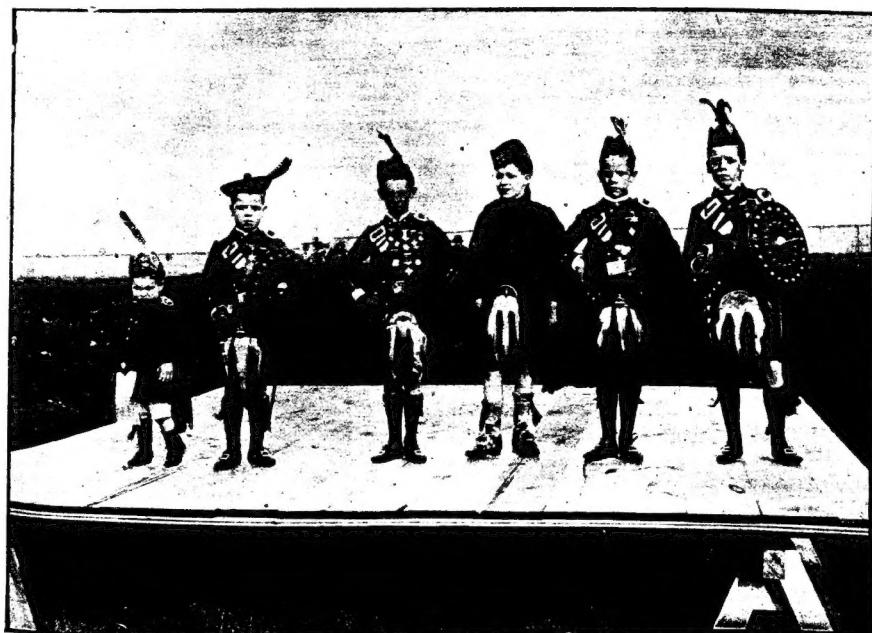
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THE CALEDONIAN GAMES.

From photos. by Wm. Notman & Son.



"PUTTING THE SHOT."



BOYS' HIGHLAND COSTUME COMPETITION.

by no means destitute of agricultural capabilities. Of arable land he saw several important areas, with good soil, deep and fertile enough to give fair crops. Among the minerals are coal, copper, silver, gold and cinnabar. It has been claimed that the Treadwell Mine, on Douglas Island, is one of the greatest gold mines in the world. There is much that is of interest in the scenery and in the native tribes. These are the Innuit or Eskimo, the Tinnehs, the Aleuts, the Thlinkets and the Haidahs. The white settlements (which include Russian half-castes) are at Sitka, Wrangell, St. Paul, Ounalaska, St. Michael and others of less importance. Even if we allow for possible exaggerations in the accounts that have reached us, it is clear that, in letting Alaska pass under the domination of the United States, in the very first year of our federation, the authorities of Great Britain and of the Dominion committed a mistake. And of that mistake we are now reaping some of the fruits.

THE POMPADOUR AND DUBARRY.

Mme. de la Pompadour, and Dubarry after her, were hydras of extortion, of extravagance, of profigate malversation. When we read accounts of the Court life and fashionable society at this time, we no longer wonder at the excesses of the Revolution. Humanity follows certain laws, and the swing of the pendulum holds good for more than an eight-day o'clock. The Court of Louis XV. was the direct progenitor of the Conciergerie, and the one made the other, as to the seed succeeds the berry. The art of graceful and refined living was brought to perfection—granted. The fine arts generally flourished and were honoured, but the whole fabric of society was rotten to the core; and the thorough cleansing of the Augean stables of vice and hypocrisy was needed if France was to live among the nations of Europe. In all the memoirs of the epoch, Marmonet's with the rest, the gaunt spectre of the Revolution throws its shadow across the rose-coloured pages full of elegant frivolity. And, in the beginning, before crime had displaced patriotism, what a change there was in the foremost actors! Contrast Dubarry with Mme. Roland as the type of all the rest—who can deny to which side hangs the balance? Even Charlotte Corday, murderer as she was, stands out in the light of day, pure, white, and dignified by her intention, where these *nymphes des coulisses*, posturing as Venuses and virgins—these painted and powdered harlots in high places—herd together like diseased sheep in the dank and darksome shade. Marmonet lived into this fearful time of national retribution, and the fourth volume of his "Mémoires" is as if written by another hand, and on matters belonging to another sphere. We can scarcely believe that all those grave reflections and sombre details are by this ardent lover of so many fair women—this supple courtier of powerful patrons—this iridescent bubble on the dancing froth of the social sea. After the *chansons de la cour* came the deep tones of the "Dies iræ"—after the stately minuets and tripping ballets came the thundering march of the "Marseillaise," and the frantic Bacchic measure of the "Carmagnole." The pendulum swung back, and those who had been the outraged and oppressed became the tyrants and the oppressors.—*Temple Bar.*

"UNDER THE CLOUD."

Why should I sorrow for death?
Thoughts do not die with the breath;
Naught can the soul's spirit slay,—
It is not one with the clay
That closes it here; it is mine
To infinite, measureless time.

This is what means the unrest
In the sadly burdened breast;
The body rests, but the soul
Shivers and sighs for its goal.
It never was one with the sod,
It presses and pants on to God.

Montreal.

MAY AUSTIN.



THE MARTIN CHALLENGE TROPHY.—The embossed shield, of which we give an engraving, was presented to the Quebec Rifle Association under circumstances which the following correspondence explains:

MONTREAL, 15th July, 1889.

Messrs. John Martin & Co., City.

DEAR SIRS.—I am instructed by the Council of the Province of Quebec Rifle Association to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favour of the 12th inst., advising the Association of your intention of presenting them with an embossed shield, as a challenge trophy for nursery matches, and in reply to convey to you the following motion which was passed at the meeting of Council, held on Friday, the 12th inst., viz.:

Moved by Lieut.-Col. Massey, seconded by Capt. Busted—that this Council accept with much pleasure, on behalf of the Province of Quebec Rifle Association, the Prize Challenge Shield presented by Messrs. John Martin & Co., and tender them the sincere thanks of the Association for their beautiful gift.—Carried unanimously.

It affords me much pleasure to be the means of conveying this motion to you, and I trust others will follow your generous example.

Yours truly,
W. M. BLAIKLOCK, Major,
Secretary.

MISS HELEN EMMA GREGORY, MUS. BAC., B.A.—We present our readers to-day with a likeness of this talented young Canadian lady, in the cap, gown, and hood of a Bachelor of Arts, which degree was conferred upon her in June last, at the convocation of Trinity University, Toronto. Miss Gregory is the only daughter of Mr. S. E. Gregory, and the granddaughter of the venerable Judge O'Reilly, of Hamilton, Ont. She had previously graduated with first-class honours in the Faculty of Music, taking the degree of Bachelor of Music—a degree never before conferred upon any woman in Canada. Her test compositions, consisting of choruses, solos and fugal chorus, with papers in orchestration and other kindred subjects, were sent by Trinity University to Cambridge, England, and were examined and approved by those eminent English theorists: E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., organist of the Temple Church, London; W. J. Longhurst, Mus. Doc., organist of Canterbury Cathedral, and Edwin Lott, Mus. Doc. At the recent convocation of Trinity University, Miss Gregory graduated with honours in mental and moral philosophy, and passed in the full course, including classics, mathematics, divinity, physical science, English literature, modern languages and literature. We extract from the Toronto press the following account of the proceedings: "The muster of members of convocation, lovers of their alma-mater and their friends, was large, and the convocation will be remembered as the first occasion of a lady taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Trinity. The cynosure of all eyes was not the chancellor in his gold-trimmed robe, Toronto's bishop in his crimson gown, Niagara's in his lawn, nor the vari-coloured academical hoods, but the sweet girl graduate—the first of Trinity's B.A.'s, who looked *distinguée* in her Bachelor cap. Miss Gregory was greeted with a great ovation when the mystic formula was pronounced over her by the Chancellor, and the students in the gallery hailed her with the chorus of 'The merriest girl that's out' as she modestly bore off her parchment." The Chancellor, the Hon. Geo. W. Allen, said in his address that he was 'delighted to see Trinity's first lady graduate receive her degree.' Miss Gregory, the first lady to receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Trinity, was also the first lady to receive the degree of Bachelor of Music." The *Hamilton Spectator* says: "Hamilton has the proud distinction of being the home of the young lady who has first taken the degree of Mus. Bac. in this country. We are not sure that she is not the first to take such a degree in any part of the British Empire. The fact has already been made public that Miss Helen Gregory, of this city, had the degree of Bachelor of Arts conferred upon her at the recent convocation of Trinity University, and it is highly satisfactory to know that in music and in arts she took very high honours. In fact, Miss Gregory is a living proof of the wisdom which opened the universities to both sexes and gave women an equal chance with men in the universities of the country. Miss Gregory will proceed to her M.A. degree, in course, at next year's convocation of Trinity University. We are quite sure that every citizen of Hamilton will heartily pray that her academic honours may prove but the means by which she will enter upon a successful and useful career."

SERGEANT-MAJOR H. S. ROGERS.—Sergeant-Major H. S. Rogers, whose portrait appears amongst our illustrations, has just graduated in the Royal Military College, Kingston. He carried off the Stanley gold medal, and by obtaining the highest aggregate of marks in the whole course gained the Lord Stanley prize as a qualified graduate intending to pursue the military profession, either in the Imperial forces or in the Dominion militia, for highest proficiency at the final examinations in military engineering, military administration and law, strategy and tactics, military surveying, topography and reconnaissance. He also won the class prize for proficiency, and also five class prizes in the entire course, and is now being recommended for a commission in the Royal Engineers. Henry Schofield Rogers was born at Peterboro, Ont., on the 29th of June, 1869, and is the third son of Col. H. C. Rogers, postmaster at Peterboro. He was educated at the public school and collegiate institute of that town, and entered the Royal Military College, Kingston, in June, 1885. Col. Rogers, his father, is this year

commodore of the American Canoe Association, and is a descendant of one of the United Empire Loyalists who settled near Peterboro. The Colonel's great-grandfather was Col. James Rogers, commander of the King's Rangers, himself a brother of that Major Rogers whose exploits as a scout in the wars of the colonies against the French have furnished a theme for Fenimore Cooper's most thrilling tales. The Rogers family has always had an ardour for military life, and Col. Rogers, true to this instinct, at the age of sixteen, joined the first rifle company organized in the County of Peterboro, to the command of which he was appointed in 1866. A short time afterwards he organized a troop of cavalry—No. 3 Regiment of Cavalry—in which he now occupies the position of Lieutenant-Colonel. To those who are curious for early records of the use of the canoe for cruising purposes, it may be stated that the great-grandfather of Sergeant-Major Rogers, before the beginning of the present century, paddled his birch bark canoe from the Bay of Quinte to Niagara to attend to his duties as a member of the first Provincial Legislature. With such an ancestry, it is not surprising that Sergeant-Major Rogers has adopted the military profession for his career in life. Like his father, he possesses a fine physique and manly bearing, marking him at once as well fitted to grace a uniform. His success at the Military College is, we believe, unprecedented, and the hearty plaudits and congratulations of his brother graduates clearly indicate the popularity in which they hold their brilliant comrade. We join with his many friends in wishing Sergeant-Major Rogers much success in his career.

MR. WILLIAM RUTHERFORD, PRESIDENT OF THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY, MONTREAL, is a native of Jedwater, Roxburghshire, Scotland, where his family now, and for generations back, have had charge of the woods on the Douglas estates there. Born in 1831, he received his education at the parish school and in the town of Jedburgh, where he afterwards served his apprenticeship to the building trade. He arrived, in 1852, at Montreal, where he has lived ever since. He has been connected with the lumber and building business as an employer since 1856, and is now the senior partner in the firm of Wm. Rutherford & Sons (composed of himself and three sons), owners and conductors of the extensive saw and planing mills, box-sash and door factory and lumber business on Atwater Avenue, where they employ over 100 men. Like most Scotchmen, Mr. Rutherford is a Presbyterian and is a member of Crescent street congregation. On the formation of the Montreal Field Battery he joined it and, along with Lieut.-Col. Stevenson, took part in the first drill, retiring after two years' service. He in 1861 assisted to form the Montreal Engineers, in which corps he served twelve years as lieutenant and captain, retiring with his rank. Mr. Rutherford has for thirty-six years been an active working member of the Mechanics' Institute, in which he has always taken great interest, and to his persistent efforts is largely due the greatly improved condition of the institute and its property of late years. He is also a leading spirit in the Montreal Contractors' Association, of which he is president. As was to be expected, he is a true son of the heather, a genuine borderer, a member of St. Andrews and the Caledonian societies. In the latter he is now serving a second term in the president's chair. His political position is that of a life-long Liberal and an active worker in the Liberal ranks. Like most of his countrymen, he is proud of the land of his birth, but Canada is the land of his adoption and the birthplace of his family, its interests are his interests and "Canada first" is his political creed.

MAJOR S. C. STEVENSON, B.A., SECRETARY OF THE COUNCIL OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY, MONTREAL.—The portrait of this able and energetic public servant will be familiar to many of our readers, the work of Mr. Stevenson in connection with the Council of Arts and Manufactures bringing him constantly into intercourse with our most prominent citizens. Major Samuel Cottingham Stevenson is still in the prime of life, having been born in 1848. His father, the late Mr. James Stevenson, was a native of Campbellton, Argyleshire; his mother was a member of the Irish family of Cottingham, of the County Cavan. Educated at the High School and at McGill University, Mr. Stevenson graduated at the latter institution. Entering the Victoria Rifles while still a boy, he had an opportunity of seeing active service in the Fenian Raid of 1866. As an officer of the Prince of Wales Rifles, from which he retired in 1881 with the rank of Major, he was present at the engagement of Eccles Hill, on the Vermont frontier, in 1870. Mr. Stevenson's rare capacity for organization early attracted attention. His services as secretary of the Council of Arts and Manufactures have been most fruitful and praiseworthy. As our readers are aware, among the functions of that important position is the direction of technical education in this province, which is largely under the Council's control. Since he has held that post of responsibility, he has, in conjunction with the late Hon. Thomas White, with Mr. S. E. Dawson, and other public-spirited men, been able to effect a veritable revolution in the industrial training of our young people. On this point we have already laid before our readers a summary of what has been accomplished. Mr. Stevenson's labours have however, been confined within the range of mere official duty. He has never hesitated to give his time, experience and amplitude of resource to his country when it stood in need of such help. For nearly twenty years he has been a leading figure in connection with our Provincial and Dominion exhibitions, as well as with the representation of Canada (Quebec especially) in the Great World Fairs of the United States and of Europe. To show what Mr.

Stevenson has done in that way would be to epitomize our manufacturing and commercial progress since 1872, when he aided in preparing for the first great provincial exhibition held in this city. Four years later, as secretary to the advisory board, and a special commissioner, he contributed greatly to the success of our share in the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. The Dominion Exhibition at St. John, N.B., 1883, the International Exhibition at Antwerp, 1885, the visit to Montreal of the American and British Associations for the Advancement of Science—in these and other events of like significance, Canada has been much indebted to Mr. Stevenson for the manner in which its prestige (and more particularly the prestige of this city) was maintained and recognized. Like most of the younger generation of energetic Canadians, Mr. Stevenson has been interested in athletic exercises. He was secretary of the old Dominion Lacrosse and Snowshoe Club; was president of the Independent Lacrosse Club of the Wolseley Snowshoe Club, and in 1880 was elected to preside over the National Lacrosse Association of Canada. He is a member of the Société de Géographie Commerciale de Paris, and of the Industrial Education Association of New York, and a director of the Great Northern Railway. In 1878 Mr. Stevenson married Gertrude, daughter of Col. Caldwell, of Delaware, whose great-grandfather was a general in the Revolutionary war, and who, by the mother's side, is related to the family of Bayard Taylor.

PUTTING THE SHOT.—The “putting” games of Scotland all demand sinewy frames, and the exercise of tact as well as strength. The upward and forward impulse is much the same, whatever be the nature or material of the missile. This game serves as a good test for the processes of instantaneous photography, and the postures of the competitors are of considerable interest to the student of pictorial anatomy. Our engraving brings out very effectively the muscular effort required in this branch of athletics.

HIGHLAND COSTUME COMPETITION (BOYS).—The traditional love of Scotchmen for “the garb of old Gaul” finds ample opportunity for its manifestation on such occasions as the Caledonian gathering. The presence of the tartan at these annual celebrations adds not a little to the picturesqueness of the scene, while at the same time it revives memories of the old land, which, however “stern and wild,” is perhaps the best loved land on earth. Were it not for its adoption as an ever welcome feature of the festivities, at which clowns show their strength and skill, a dress which is associated with what is most romantic in Scottish annals and most glorious in the military history of the Empire might in time become almost unknown on this continent. The Caledonian Society has made the best possible provision against the risk of its being forgotten by instituting competitions such as that which is illustrated in our engraving. The boy who has gained or competed for a prize for the superiority of his Highland costume is not likely to undervalue that costume in after years, while the hundreds of Scottish boys who witness his triumph are sure also to be impressed by a sight which appeals to their innate patriotism. At the Caledonian games of a few weeks ago there were five entries for the boy’s prize for the best Highland dress, and the result of the competition was as follows:—1. Frank Stewart; 2. Willie Milne; 3. Arthur Stewart.

BAGPIES OF THE 5TH ROYAL SCOTS.—Here we have an illustration that will interest military circles as well as Scotchmen. The 5th Royal Scots Fusiliers are famous among our volunteer battalions for the excellence of their national music, and fine stalwart fellows they are that bring the martial strains from the pibroch.

THE SWORD DANCE.—This is one of the most interesting spectacles that the games afford. It is peculiarly Scottish in its character and associations, calls forth a wonderful display of skill, and can only be thoroughly mastered after a good deal of practice. Our engraving gives a fair idea of the intricacy of the evolutions which the performer has to go through.

THE HIGH LEAP.—This engraving depicts what is generally one of the most exciting of the athletic contests at the games. It will be recognized, we believe, as a good example of photography. The following was the result of the competition: C. J. Sullivan, 5 ft. 3 in.; J. Macdonald, 4 ft. 11 in.

AQUATICS AT THE ISLAND, TORONTO.—We present our readers with a fine engraving of the scene at the Amateur Aquatic Association’s second annual regatta, at the Island, Toronto, which took place some weeks ago. Fully five thousand persons were present, the benevolent object of the gathering—the raising of funds in aid of the Lakeside Home Hospital for Sick Children—being to many, doubtless, an additional inducement to attend the regatta. The band of the 10th Royals was also present. The officers of the day were: Referee, W. K. McNaught; starter, A. Claude Macdonell; timekeeper, Richard Tinning; judges, T. Egle and H. J. P. Good; captains, Walter Hemming and C. E. Maddison; secretary, Jas. P. Murray. Of course all worked hard and did their level best to contribute to the success of the gathering, but Mr. Murray, who superintended everything, and rowed the referee around the whole afternoon, did the lion’s share. Mr. E. P. Pearson was also indefatigable, while Mr. Sankey had more than his hands full in looking after his course, surveying and placing the buoys. The cheery face of Mr. H. Wade, the vice-president, did every one good to look at, and his willing and effective help did much to ensure the day’s success. Notwithstanding some unavoidable drawbacks, the affair was thoroughly enjoyed by the multitude of sightseers. Some of the *contremens*, indeed, contributed to the general

amusement. One of the most ludicrous incidents of the day and one which occasioned great hilarity in the vicinity of the scene happened when, in the lady and gentleman canoe race, Mr. A. R. Denison’s “lady” in a big red poke bonnet, found herself in the water, and, losing part of her outer rigging, revealed, to the astonishment of the onlookers, the good-looking features of a prominent society young man, who, in his enthusiasm for the cause, had even gone so far as to sacrifice the handsome hirsute adornment of his upper lip. From first to last all the contests were close and exciting, there rarely being more than a foot or two between the leaders at the finish. Unfortunately the course for the most important event, the thousand yards swimming contest for the amateur championship of Canada, had to be altered at the last moment, and instead of being straight away, was made with a turn, and shorn of 100 yards, reducing it to an 840 yard race. But it was productive of a competition such as is seldom seen in a swimming contest, Mr. Benedict, of Montreal, only defeating Mr. Geo. Hyslop, of Toronto, at the end by a few feet. The swimming and diving all through were exceptionally good, but would prove more interesting if the feats to be performed were specified beforehand. There were fifteen events down for decision, but although hurry and bustle was the order of the day, ten were got through with, the remaining five being left to make up a later programme. Among the events decided were the following: Lady and gentleman canoe race, quarter mile—G. H. Munte and Miss Way won, with Mr. and Mrs. Kerthland and L. B. Stewart and Miss Nellie Parsons third. Between the second and third it was nearly a dead heat as possible. Children’s tub race, 25 yards and return—Percy Robertson first, B. Ralph second, Plain and fancy diving—A. M. Grantham first, A. W. McCullough second and J. S. McCullough third. Eight hundred and forty yards’ swim for the amateur championship of Canada—Charles E. Benedict, Montreal, first, by four feet, in 16 min. 37 sec.; Geo. Hyslop, Toronto, second; C. A. Holmes, Richmond Hill, third, and Chas. Nasr, jr., Toronto, fourth. None of the following starters finished: John Patry, F. Blakely, E. J. Wood, Ernest Warren, F. McMaster and H. Fitzimmons, all of Toronto. A protest was entered by Hyslop against Benedict on the ground that he kicked him on the head. Mr. Benedict acknowledged that he accidentally kicked his opponent, but claimed that he was out of his water. Referee McNaught, who followed the race all through in a boat, saw no foul, and promptly allowed the protest, at the same time congratulating Mr. Benedict upon his pluck, ability and gentlemanly behaviour.

THE WRITING LESSON.—This is one of those scenes from real life which lose nothing in picturesqueness from the seeming commonplace of the subject. In our engraving teacher and pupil are evidently drawn together by forces of attraction stronger, in fact, though, perhaps, milder in character, than those of mere discipline. In the compelling power there is a large element of affection, and authority is blended with love. The two figures which engross our attention are studies of more than common interest. The moral beauty expressed in the earnest faces is no less marked than that of the grace and charm of child and instructor, while the interior is quite in keeping with the motive of the picture.

EPITHALAMIUM.

AUGUST 2, 1873.

I cannot choose but sing, dear love,
I cannot choose but sing;
The years roll round and round always,
But still they bring this happy day—
This day of joy the spring, dear love,
Of hope and joy the spring.

The happy years roll round, and we
Still walk together here;
So whether grey, the skies, or blue,
What matters it to me or you?
We have enough of cheer, dear love,—
Enough of joy and cheer.

The blossoms of your sunny May
Were sweet—could ought be sweeter?
And yet the joy of rosy June
Was fuller and completer.

And now that we have left for ay
Those lovely lands of morning,
And hear no more their matin songs
Upon the breeze returning.—

Shall we be sad? Oh, no! not so—
A brighter lies before us—
A light of more entrancing glow,
Far divisor chorus!

Hand joined in hand, we wander on,
God bids our best in keeping,
And at the last, the very last,
“Joy crowns the sight of weeping.”

And so I sing a little song—
I cannot choose but sing—
To wrestle around thy happy day
A peaceful, golden August lay;
Come, catch the tune and sing, dear love,
Come catch the tune and sing!

Toronto, August, 1889. M. J. WILLS.



The tomb of Virgil at Posillipo, just outside Naples, is for sale.

Robert Browning is to have a new play in blank verse for Herman Charles Merivale. It is entitled "The White Pilgrim."

Lord Tennyson is to receive \$1,000 for the poem he is now writing. His first accepted poem brought him the munificent sum of ten shillings.

In Sir Edwin Arnold, our valued contributor, Mr. George Murray, had the pleasure of meeting once more an old friend and college companion.

Mr. W. D. Howells, the novelist, has again become a resident of Belmont, Mass., where he lived some years ago. His present home is a fine old mansion, surrounded by beautiful grounds.

Montreal has had the honour of a visit from Sir Edwin Arnold, poet and journalist. The author of "The Light of Asia" is as well known and his writings are as highly appreciated in the New World as in the Old.

Mr. George Iles, who is never long idle, sends us a most interesting and instructive little booklet, entitled "The Golden Age of Science," consisting of recent contributions from his pen to the *Toronto Globe*. We shall have more to say of it by and by.

The MS. of the only contribution that Dickens ever made to *Punch* was lately sold in London for \$80. At the same sale the original MS. of four stanzas of Hood’s "Song of the Shirt" brought only \$40. Phiz’s original illustrations for "Martin Chuzzlewit" brought very large prices.

Kingston, Ont., is congratulated by the *News* of that city for having furnished four contributors of merit to Mr. W. D. Lighthill’s "Songs of the Great Dominion." Their names (well known names to the readers of the *Donation Illustrated*) are Fidelis (Miss Macfar), the Rev. Prof. Jones, Mrs. Annie Rothwell, and the late C. F. Cameron,

Shakespeare’s house at Stratford-on-Avon was visited by 16,800 persons last year. The American tourist swarmed over the place. The Boston *Transcript* acknowledges that "most of the visitors from the United States were excursionists who travelled with watch in one hand and time table in the other, and who measured out the time in which they could dilate with each particular and appropriate emotion."

"The Heart of the Crede: Historical Religion in the Light of Modern Thought," by the Rev. Arthur Wentworth Eaton, whose "Acadian Legends and Lyrics" we briefly reviewed some time ago, has received favourable notice in some of the high-class literary periodicals of Great Britain and America. The *London Literary World* has welcomed the work "with unfeigned satisfaction as a fair, intelligent Christian view of the subjects it deals with."

Among college presidents who have been giving their views as to the supervision of students outside of the classroom, Sir J. William Dawson, the learned and esteemed Principal of McGill University, represented Canada. The views expressed are, in the main, generous towards the undergraduates, in whose interest, however, firmness is deemed to be necessary, while they are at the same time allowed all reasonable privileges and liberties.

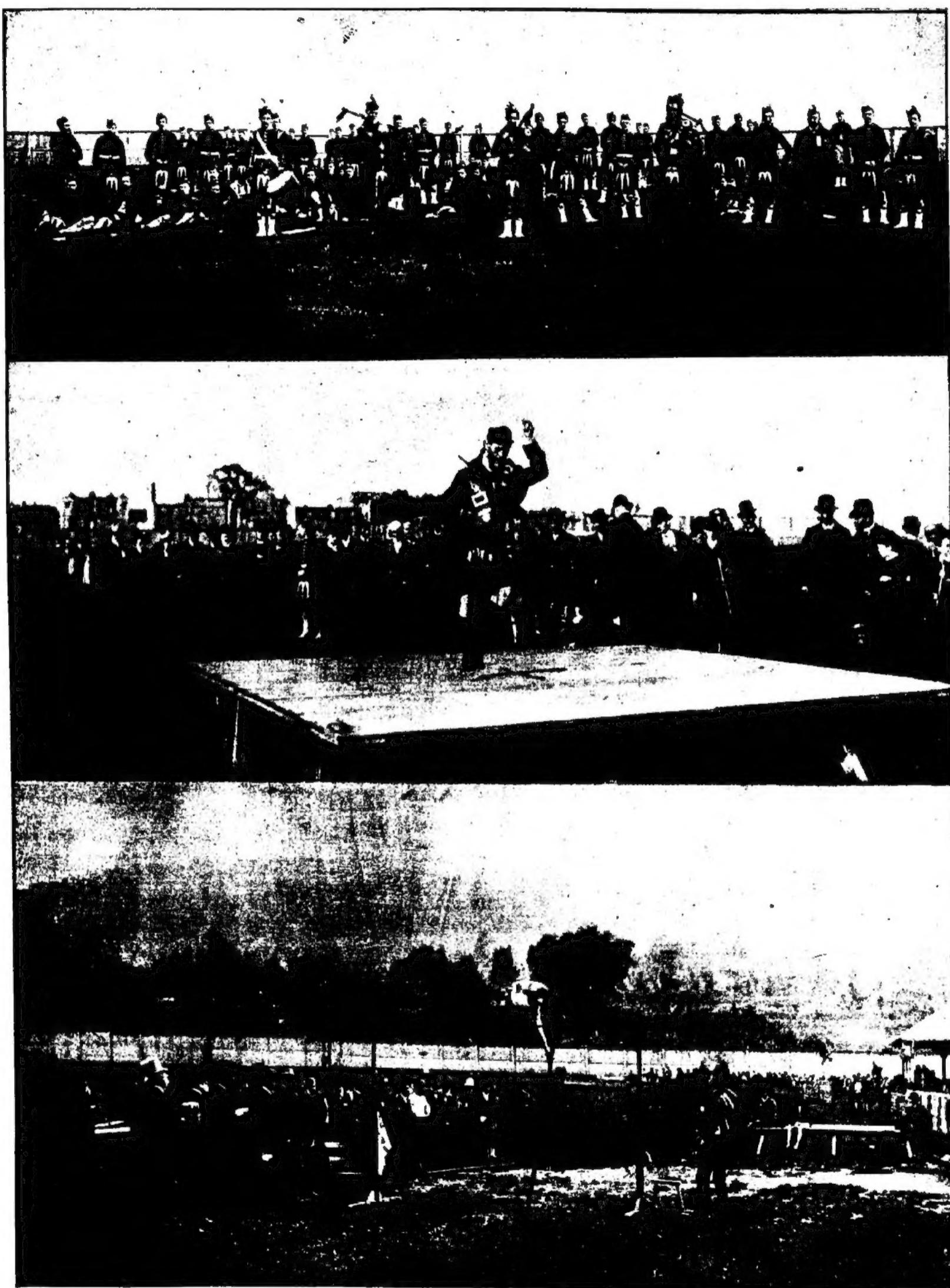
Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has a pen which has been his constant companion for 25 years. It is a gold pen, and, though he has written with it during all that period, it is to-day as good as if it had only been issued a week ago from the manufacturer. The poet cannot write with any other pen, and cherishes his old servant with the greatest care and affection. He has a note book almost as old—a tattered, torn and limp note-book—which has been the depository of his thoughts and confidences for many years.

We are glad to learn that Mr. William Sharp, author of "Children of To-morrow," which was favourably noticed some time ago in the columns of this journal, and who has been staying with his friend, Prof. Roberts, at Kingscroft, will shortly pay a visit to Montreal. Mr. Sharp is general editor of the series of Canterbury Poets, which includes several volumes of special interest to Canadians. Three volumes of the series were edited by Mr. W. D. Lighthill, Prof. Roberts and Mr. Douglas Sladen, who is a Canadian, at least by sympathy.

Mr. Douglas Sladen has not been idle since he came to this side of the Atlantic. He has made copious notes of what he saw, some of which have already been published. The sum of his observations and reflections will form the subject of a volume on his return to England—a volume which will be read with interest in Canada and the States as well as in the United Kingdom and Australia. Mr. Sladen’s kindness of heart and unfailing courtesy have won him hosts of friends. He is at present, we believe, putting the finishing touches on his selections for "The Younger Poets of America," a volume in which Canada will be fully represented. Mr. Sladen has been in Montreal during the past week renewing acquaintance with his many friends in this city.

THE CALEDONIAN GAMES.

From photos. by Wm. Notman & Son.



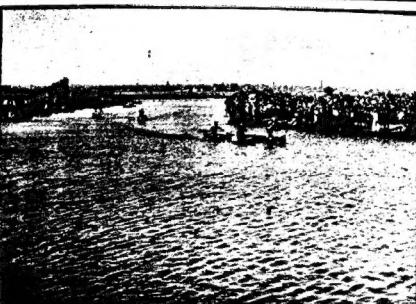
THE BAGPIPES OF THE FIFTH ROYAL SCOTS.

THE SWORD DANCE.

THE HIGH LEAP.

SPORTS OF THE TORONTO AMATEUR AQUATIC ASSOCIATION.

From photo., by Herbert E. Simpson



ALONG SHORE.
THE SPECTATORS.
THE TUG OF WAR.

WATER POLO.
THE TANDEM.
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' RACE.

Sleeping or Waking?

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES OF JOHN COATES.
BY W. S. HUMPHREYS.

I.

I had got a holiday!

Well, and what of that? you will say. Most men get holidays at certain times and seasons.

But then I am not like most men, for I had not had a holiday—a real fortnight's holiday—for some eight years. Therefore, I think there is some excuse for my elation over the matter.

For a number of years I had been a clerk in the firm of Furze, Hatt & Co. I had endeavoured to fulfil my duties to the best of my ability, and not without success; for, on this particular day, old Mr. Furze, the head of the firm, came to me, just as I was preparing to leave the warehouse, and said:

"Mr. Coates, I should like to have a little conversation with you before you leave."

I intimated my readiness, and followed my employer into his private office, wondering what he had to say.

Mr. Furze closed the door, seated himself at his desk, pointed to a chair and bade me also be seated. Then he said:

"Mr. Coates, you have been in our employ some years now. You have given us every satisfaction, and I think the firm should do something more for you than it is doing at present."

I don't know whether I blushed or not as my employer ceased speaking for a moment, but I bowed politely, and the old gentleman proceeded:

"As you know, I am getting up in years, and do not feel equal to having the sole management of this large concern on my shoulders. The branch at Quebec requires all Mr. Hatt's attention; therefore, we think of taking a junior partner into the business—a young man, who will put all his energies into the affair, introduce new ideas and keep the business up with the times. Can you mention such a person?"

I stammered something about not being able to name such a man at a moment's notice. For this private conference was quite a novelty to me. The business was conducted in a very conservative manner, and I had never before been invited to private counsel with my employer. The latter did not remain silent for any length of time, but went on:

"Well, Mr. Coates, I have found the man that I want, and have only to get his consent to accept the position."

"I am glad to hear it, sir," I replied, as he again paused, as though expecting me to say something. "Do I know the gentleman?"

"Ahem, well I rather expect you do. Why, sir, the future junior partner in the old house of Furze, Hatt & Co. is yourself, that is, if you accept the position."

To say that I was astounded at this announcement does not by any means express my feelings. I was thunderstruck! John Coates, a partner in one of the oldest and wealthiest firms in Montreal? I could not credit my senses. I could not believe that I had heard aright.

I bounded from my chair in my astonishment and tried to say something but failed, then made a step towards my employer.

He sat quietly chuckling to himself, evidently enjoying my surprise, then bidding me be seated, he continued:

"My announcement appears to cause you some surprise; nevertheless, I have been contemplating this step for some time. As I said before, you have given us every satisfaction. You understand the business better than anybody else in the establishment; and I do not think either of us will regret the new state of affairs, that is, of course, if you accept my proposition."

I had recovered my composure somewhat by this time, and again starting from my chair, I went forward and grasped the old merchant's hand, shaking it heartily, while I murmured somewhat incoherently:

"Mr. Furze, if you think I am worthy of the trust you are willing to repose in me, I accept it with all my heart, and I assure you I will do all in

my power to further the interests of the firm."

"If you do as well in the future as you have done heretofore, I shall never regret this step," Mr. Furze answered kindly. "And now," he continued, "you have been working extra hard on account of my recent illness. I propose that you take a fortnight's holiday now, leave the warehouse behind you for a few days—leave as a clerk and return as a partner in the firm of Furze, Hatt & Coates."

I was overwhelmed at this further expression of my employer's kindness, and endeavoured to express my gratitude, but he put me off with the remark that the arrangement was as much for his benefit as my own, as it would give him more leisure to pursue those antiquarian researches that were his hobby. After a little more conversation we left the warehouse together, Mr. Furze got into his waiting carriage, and I bade him good night, his parting words to me being:

"I shall expect you to dine with us to-morrow. Quite a family affair—only my wife, my niece and myself. After to-morrow, your time is your own for a fortnight."

And he was driven away.

I stood for a few moments watching the retreating vehicle. My mind was still somewhat bewildered. I could not grasp the situation all at once. I, John Coates, a partner in the firm of Furze, Hatt & Co., and invited to dine with my employer *en famille*! Nevertheless it was true. The old merchant's words were still ringing in my ears as I wended my way to the particular restaurant where I took my evening meal.

And now I am at home in my own cosy little room at my University-street boarding-house. A bright fire is burning in a Franklin grate, for the evening is somewhat chilly. I have thrown off my office garments, put on a comfortable dressing-gown, encased my feet in a somewhat faded pair of slippers, and drawn my chair up to the grate, revelling in the luxury of doing nothing.

When I say doing nothing I make a slight mistake, for if my hands are idle my brain is busy going over the events of the past few hours.

I wonder how the employees in the warehouse will receive the announcement of my entrance into the firm. Will there be any jealousy manifested at my preferment? But no, I do not think any of my fellow-workers can be jealous of me, the oldest clerk in the employ of Furze, Hatt & Co. Then I wonder why my employer had invited me to dine with him on the morrow. I had never been to his private house, had only seen his wife two or three times, and as for his niece, I really did not know that he had one living with him.

Then my thoughts led me to wonder what this niece could be like. Was she old or young? Dark or fair? Short or tall? Witty or dull?

I could answer none of these questions, and banished them from my mind, feeling that I should see the young—or old—lady on the morrow, when all my questions would be answered.

II.

The warmth from the fire must have made me drowsy. I was in a part waking and part sleeping mood—my eyes at times being open, gazing on the glowing coals, and at times being closed.

All at once—whether I was awake or asleep I know not—I saw gradually shape itself before my vision a sort of misty panorama, at times perfectly distinct and then only dimly visible.

The first thing that appeared to me was the face of a young girl—a very pretty face, with cheeks like blush roses, eyes of tender grey, a pretty dimpled chin, teeth of whitest ivory, encased in a pair of the most kissable lips ever found to tempt a lonely bachelor. The whole was crowned with a wealth of clustering hair of the palest golden tint, hanging loosely over a pair of shapely shoulders.

The face was a very pretty one, and I fastened my gaze on it, being loth to lose one feature. But it vanished all too soon, and for a moment all was blank.

Next I saw the interior of a railway car. It was a Pullman, but seemed to be somewhat crowded. I glanced from one passenger to another in search of some familiar face. There were several ladies and gentlemen, but all were strangers to me. But,

stop; no, not all, for there, in a corner, apparently by herself, with no companion, is the young girl whom I saw a few moments ago.

Before she was habited as for an evening party; now she is robed as for a journey—a dainty little turban hat archly perched on that golden head, and a flowing sacque of sealskin, loosely fastened, covering her body. But that it was the same face I was positive, although I had but little time to verify my assertion, for while I was still gazing at her, the whole scene vanished, quickly as a scene from a magic lantern when the slide is drawn out.

But soon another vision appears. This time it is far from pleasing. I see a man—repulsive looking and hideous, with "villain" stamped upon his countenance. Though dressed in fashionable apparel, vice of the lowest type and cunning of the deepest dye are depicted on that retreating brow and underneath those butting eyebrows.

The scene changes once more, and I see a road, crossed by a railway track, dimly outlined at first, then gradually becoming clearer, until even the pebbles on the road are plainly to be seen. I recognize the spot. It is on the Upper Lachine Road, at the point where the railroad track crosses it.

I had barely time to note this fact when my attention is directed to the sound of a fastly-driven team of horses, and I see a covered carriage approach. The horses are drawn up just before the carriage reaches the track, the door of the vehicle is opened and a man alights. He gives some instructions to the driver of the carriage, who mounts the box, turns the horses' heads and drives some twenty paces down the road. Then the man turns and advances towards the crossing, and I see with astonishment the same repulsive features I had gazed on with repugnance a moment before.

The man has evidently some purpose in view. He carries a lantern in his hand, which he proceeds deliberately to light. Then I see that it is what is called by railway men a "danger signal," the glass being red. What is he going to do with it, I wonder; but, while wondering, I hear a distant rumble—faint at first, but growing louder and louder, and presently I see the bright light of the advancing locomotive. Meanwhile the man with the lantern has run down the track some few paces and is vigorously swaying the lantern backwards and forwards. There is a shriek, a whistle "down brakes," and the train is suddenly brought to a standstill. The man with the lantern quickly extinguishes the light, hurries to the door of the Pullman car, glances in, sees the young lady cased in furs whom I had previously noticed makes a rush for the door of the car, enters, whispers a word in the girl's ear, causing her to start, and then urges her to rise and follow him.

Meanwhile all is confusion. The railway officials appear at a loss to know why the train was stopped. An examination has been made of the track, but nothing wrong discovered; and, as the man with the danger signal could not be found, orders are given for the train to proceed.

In the car the young girl had risen from her seat and was preparing to follow the man who accosted her from the car. Then a most unaccountable thing happened.

As this man with the repulsive visage was on the point of leaving the car—as he was in fact holding open the door for the young lady to pass out with him—a form confronted him—a form that I recognized as myself. This last person that appeared on the scene—myself—took hold of the man caught him by the throat, dragged him on the platform of the car, closed the door with a bang, and then threw his captive violently on the ground, where he lay stunned while the train moved slowly away.

For awhile all was blank. Then another scene appeared to me. This time I was taken to Bonaventure Station. I knew I was in Bonaventure Station, although I could discern but one thing, I heard the trains moving backwards and forwards, the bells ringing and the whistles shrieking; but could see nothing but the clock, the hands of which pointed to ten minutes past ten. For a few moments the clock was plainly visible to me, then it suddenly vanished, and all was darkness.

(To be Continued.)

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(By MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGUE.)

DEVELOPMENTS OF SCENERY IN THE AUTUMN OF 1887—BOATING UPON THE COLUMBIA RIVER—THE DISAPPOINTING MONTH OF OCTOBER—PEGGY AND THE GREY MARE—THE PONY'S UNTIMELY FATE—A WINTER VISIT TO THE GLACIER IN THE SELKIRKS.

X.

At the end of August, in 1887, the mosquitoes entirely disappeared, the cool nights either killing them off or paralyzing their energies. September proved, consequently, the most enjoyable month of the whole season. During its thirty days we played tennis between four and six o'clock, prefacing our games by afternoon tea. I rode immediately after lunch, feasting my eyes upon the new developments of colouring in the Columbia valley, wrought by the glorious golden tints of the autumn foliage, which lent great richness and variety to the sombre mountain sides. Graceful groups of poplars and birches shot up amid dark evergreens, emphasizing the landscape with gilded points, while in some damp localities occasional touches of bright crimson marked the existence of cranberry bushes about some distant spring, arresting attention by their vivid spots of colour. My husband at this time invested in a boat, which was kept below our house, and through its medium we enjoyed some delightful paddles up the Columbia river, which requires the most careful navigation, owing to its low condition in the autumn, when it is no longer fed by melting snow from the mountain tops. The numerous logs and snags that encumbered its course, together with the swiftness of the current, which seemed to me to pursue its way with unabated vigour in spite of the decreased volume of water, always filled my mind with grave apprehensions and prevented my proper appreciation of the beautiful reaches of the river. It is interspersed with picturesque islands to the east, and flows most rapidly, even at low water, between high wooded banks, enclosed by an ever-changing vista of glorious mountain ranges revealed by the different bends of the stream, the varying panorama of snow-crowned peaks and golden bases thrown into strong relief by near and distant groups of conical evergreens, forming a theme of which the eye never tires. Thus September slipped only too quickly away, and October, also, did not prove the month my fancy had painted it, nor the October of Ontario. The first fortnight was bright and fine and we were able to continue our tennis, changing the hours of play from four to two o'clock, thus securing the best light and warmth of the day. I lost my rides, however, owing to the defalcation of the faithless Peggy, who was led astray by a cunning old gray mare, turned out at the end of the season to find her own living as best she could. The two animals consorted together and evidently became fast friends, so much so that the grey developed an amount of cussedness most human in its depravity. She was never, of course, treated to the oats upon which the pony feasted, and had to remain without a fenced enclosure, casting longing eyes at the feeding box, from whose depths certain tantalizing munchings and crunchings were audible. Her revenge for this neglect of her palate was to beguile Peggy away, so that she ceased to come for her oats at all. Then my husband had to go out and catch her. This plan was too transparent, however, for the grey lady, and her next move was to kick up her heels and depart, with Peggy in her train, as soon as any one approached the pair. Next we tried to run them into an enclosure and corral them both, but this scheme failed, as they positively declined to be run in, even by a horse and rider. There were neither cowboys nor lassos in the town to effect the conquest, and the price of both hay and oats was so high that the feeding of Peggy in a stable would have made her worth her weight in gold, so we were obliged to abandon her to her own devices and acknowledge ourselves beaten by the superior tactics of the grey mare. Poor Peggy, I grieve to relate, met with an untimely fate. She was sold by her owner, the itinerant carpenter,

through the agency of my husband, to a man at Golden City, from whom I contracted to buy her back in the spring of 1888, provided I found her sound and in good condition. Early in the season, however, she was run over by the train and killed a few miles from the town. Nor have I owned another steed or ridden in the mountains since her demise.

It was not until the 21st of October that the snow laid its white hand upon the Columbia valley. Then more than an inch fell, but quickly disappeared. A few nights afterwards the ground was thickly covered to the depth of half a foot. I had been anxious for such an opportunity to visit the summit of the Selkirks and to see those stupendous peaks in their winter garb. Accordingly the snow having most obligingly appeared on Friday, we made up a party on Saturday and left Donald by the morning train on that day to spend Sunday at the Glacier, where an excellent mountain hotel is kept by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. It is situated two miles west of the elevation at which the railway crosses the Selkirk range in a beautiful bend of the Ille-cille-waet valley, surrounded by magnificent mountains, among which Sir Donald and Syndicate peaks are conspicuous by their imposing grandeur. In the immediate neighbourhood of the hotel is a fine glacier, to which roads have been made, a huge sea of green, glittering, opaque ice. The Glacier House is a very artistic building of the Swiss chalet type, coloured, externally, chrome-yellow, relieved by dark brown beams and mouldings. The adjoining grounds are well laid out, ornamented by a pretty fountain, walks and lawns—in fact, everything has been done to render the Glacier an attractive summer resort for those in search of mountain air and scenery. The snow gained inch by inch in depth as we left the Columbia valley behind and passed into higher regions. At the Glacier, three hours west of Donald, it measured at least one foot, if not more, in depth. The view from the verandah and windows of the little hotel—which contains, by the way, fourteen bedrooms and a very large dining-room, panelled in stained wood—was one of fairy-like beauty, forming, by the very contrast of its delicate purity, a very different picture from the one my mental vision had retained of the Ille-cille-waet valley as I had seen it last, in the preceding year, flooded with the rich purple and golden lights of early autumn. Then I learnt, for the first time, of that great triumph of engineering skill, the wonderful loop, by whose three tiers of rails the Canadian Pacific Railway descends the western slope of the Selkirk range. Who could believe that but six weeks later in the year such a transformation could be brought about, that all the glorious tints and hues of early autumn could be so completely shrouded beneath the white mantle of winter, that every vestige of colour could be absorbed so utterly in the soft pall that spread its winding sheet over mountain and valley and wrapt all nature in the silence of death? Yet who will say there is not something ideal in these delicate tones of purity, something which tends to elevate the mind to an inward consciousness of moral cleanliness in this transcendent whiteness of earth's vestal garment? Either this or else associations of spotlessness arouse those latent ideas of infinite eternity with which the contemplation of the perfection of natural beauty inspires even the most unimpassioned mortals. I am not an admirer usually of the cold garb of winter, as it is familiar to me, in its ordinary urban and rural aspect. The snow of cities soon becomes a dirty, stained covering, a mere travesty of its true loveliness; but in the heart of the mountains, amid the grandeur and magnificence of the Creator's works, it has a significance of its own. I was entranced by the glistening heights, standing out in solid crags, of what might have been the whitest marble, against a brilliant blue sky; masses of silver-tipped pines creeping up to the timber line, sparkling in the sunlight like millions of diamonds, while the larger trees in the foreground bowed their feathery heads beneath the weight of masses of soft snow. Far away down the Ille-cille-waet valley, where the mountains form an amphitheatre whose circle joins the sloping shoulder of one of the highest peaks, the same fairylike scene was repeated,

etheralised still more by the silvery blue of illimitable distance. I was spellbound by the unearthly beauty about me, the perfect silence that prevailed adding the weight of solemnity to the impressive effect. When we returned from the Glacier on Sunday afternoon, the temperature was considerably lower than the preceding day and the earth frozen hard. The same night the thermometer fell at Donald to zero, while in other parts of the Kootenay district it dropped far below, an extraordinarily early cold wave having struck the mountains. It seemed as if cruel winter had us fairly in his grip. The next day, however, the weather moderated and there was a light fall of snow, followed by a heavy one of some three or four inches, after which it became suddenly mild. On Thursday the ground was covered with slush, on Friday with pools of water, on Saturday with mud, consequently walking in a primitive region, where sidewalks and pavements do not abound, is a form of exercise only adapted to trousers and long boots, and I began to realise that a winter sojourn in the Columbia valley might have its drawbacks to petticoats. The melting of the snow at this time produced peculiar atmospheric effects, and for days and days the Columbia valley was enveloped in gloom, the mountains were shrouded in mist, and though it did not actually rain, the sun never shone, and a general sense of dampness and discomfort prevailed, which, combined with the absence of sunlight, was decidedly depressing in its tendencies. What in Ontario is known as the fruitful season of October might be described in the mountains two years ago as the final season of October, when the serviceable cow and useful chicken were sold away into bondage, owing to the expense of their winter provender, the days of fresh milk and eggs were no more, and housekeeping began to present problems of construction to be solved only by the law of substitution. The decree then went forth from conjugal lips that the mountain season was over and that I must "go east" and possess my soul in patience till spring should again develop the resources, natural and artificial, of Donald, B.C.

VATEL.

The fate of Vatel is intimately linked with all memories of Chantilly, as it has come down to us in the piquant letters of Mme. de Sévigné. The Prince was giving a great *fête* to his monarch, Louis XIV. The formal splendours of Versailles were cast in the shade by the rural delights of Chantilly. The tables were spread in the open air, the ground being thickly strewn with jonquils. Vatel had surpassed himself in the *menu*; the wines and *liqueurs* were of the choicest; the King was in the best of humour, and all went merry as a marriage bell. But to the eye of the *chef* all was not well. The roast had fallen short, and at two tables, out of twenty-five or more, it had been wanting altogether. Vatel felt himself overwhelmed with shame. He retired to his chamber in despair. The Prince himself hastened to comfort him and restore his artist's pride with words of pride and appreciation. But it was of no use. His Highness was full of goodness, said the dejected *chef*; but there remained the melancholy fact—the roast had failed. And the strain of preparation had been too great for the unhappy Vatel; for nights he had not slept—not could he sleep now—and in the early morning he wandered forth to seek rest for his perturbed brain in the coolness of the morning air and the freshness and verdure of the park. On the way he met one of the purveyors of the household, who had arrived with a meagre supply of seafish. "Is this all?" cried Vatel, overcome with despair at the sight. "It is all," was the reply. And Vatel went back to his room with death at his heart. To the fiasco of the roast had now succeeded the disaster of the fish. He could not survive the disgrace, and so threw himself upon his sword. And, after all, the fish arrived, seafish from the Norman coast, fresh fish from the rivers, fish enough and to spare, in ample time for the table, but too late to save the *chef*. The Prince wept bitter tears over his body—as much for the cook as for the man—for his loss was irreparable.—*All the Year Round*.



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series X.

By Mrs. Arthur Sprague

1 and 2. Reaches of the Columbia River, looking East. 3. Snow Shed and commencement of Loop in the Selkirk Range. 4. Glacier Station and Hotel, Selkirks, October, 1887.



THE WRITING LESSON.



It is certainly a rather remarkable coincidence that, just as the Greenway Government should have determined to drive French out of official life in Manitoba, the press of that ambitious province should have been reinforced by the birth of a German contemporary. The *Commercial*, of Winnipeg, recently greeted the new comer's arrival in these friendly terms: "It is high time that a German weekly newspaper should be circulated in Manitoba, and the want is now filled by *Der Nordwesten*, which made its first appearance last week. The journal is a neatly got up five-column folio, and from the tone of the first number it is likely to prove valuable in the work of building up the Northwest. Mr. White, the gentleman who presides over its editorial affairs, is both a German and English scholar, and is possessed of the youth, energy and ambition to make the journal a success from a literary point of view, while there is, we understand, an ample capital and business experience behind it to make it a commercial success. We welcome it and hope it may grow in circulation, size and importance, and we have no doubt it will." *Der Nordwesten* is by no means the first representative of the Fatherland in Canadian journalism. There are counties in Ontario where Germans form the majority. In the Dominion there are more than a quarter million persons of German birth or descent.

The value of modern languages as a leading branch of study in schools and colleges formed the subject of a very interesting paper in late numbers of the *Canada Educational Monthly*. Mr. Squair, the author, who is not unknown to our readers, gives the preference to the Romance languages, as offering the most favourable opportunity to students taking up philological research. The grounds for this preference are thus stated: "In the latter we have a number of cognate dialects—French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Roumanian, and Rhäto-Romanisch—living languages which can be thoroughly studied, descended from a common tongue—Latin—which has been preserved to us in a very complete form. We have thus both ends of the problem. We know definitely in a large number of cases the exact form and meaning of a large number of words in the original tongue; we know what forms and meanings these words have assumed in the various dialects of to-day, and we have a mass of constantly accumulating evidence with respect to a series of intermediate forms and meanings they have had at various periods from the days of classical Latin till the present. Hence, Romance philology has become almost an exact science. The changes which have taken place in pronunciation have received a large share of attention from scholars, and the laws governing these changes have in a great measure been established. Less has been done in the departments of syntax and semantics, but even here the work has been mapped out, and many important additions have been made to our knowledge of the science of language."

Any one who has a fair knowledge of Latin and has learned enough of any one of the Romance languages to enable him read it with comparative ease, will find little trouble in gaining a like knowledge of any other language of the group—such as Italian or Spanish. University College, Toronto, in which institution Mr. Squair is a lecturer, possesses excellent advantages for pursuing a course of simultaneous study in the modern languages, and has produced some fine scholars in this important branch of learning. This method of acquiring two or three allied forms of speech is a good way to lay a foundation for a more comprehensive study of comparative philology.

One who has read up the history of English from its earliest insular stages is not unprepared for the study of the Teutonic and Scandinavian tongues. A diligent student of English can hardly fail, indeed, to have gained sufficient acquaintance with languages in use in the western half of Europe

and in nearly all America, to make the mastery of any of them (for ordinary purposes) practicable, should he be so circumstanced as to require it.

There is a certain prestige in the fact that our Canadian literature (such as it is) represents two of the greatest nations of the world. To appreciate the best work of our poets or prose-writers, we must know something of the masterpieces that are not the least of the titles on which France and England claim precedence in civilization. Even the gentle force that obliges the Anglo-Canadian student to study French, and the Franco-Canadian student to study English literature, in order to judge fairly of what his own country has produced in both languages, is a boon for which we may be grateful.

It is sometimes complained that our French poets are Canadian in only a partial sense, that their patriotism is of the provincial order and that their fealty is not generous or comprehensive enough to comprise what is honourable in the British as well as the French dispensation. Our friend and contributor Mr. G. W. Wicksteed, Q.C., who has as much pride in assuming the rôle of the peacemaker as some others that we know glory in their power for creating or maintaining strife, has shown that loyalty to their own race, traditions and ancestral flag has not prevented our foremost French singers from doing homage to that other flag which Britons are taught to reverence. In testimony whereof he has translated into English Dr. Fréchette's spirited poem, "Le Drapeau Anglais." Mr. Wicksteed's version is a literal rendering of our Laureate's original, and our readers will, we are sure, thank us for laying it before them. Here it is:

THE BRITISH FLAG.

Behold, my son, my father said,
That gallant banner bravely borne;
It made thy country prosperous,
And hath respected liberty.

That banner is the British Flag;
Without a stain, beneath the sky,
O'er almost every coign of earth
It floats unsurled triumphantly.

Over an eighth part of the globe
It waves, the ensign of command;
Covering a little patch of blue,
But nowhere dimming heaven's light.

It waves o'er every sea and shore,
And carries progress where it flies;
Beyond the farthest ocean's verge,
And to remotest forest lands.

Leaving on all its proud impress,
To wildest tribes of savage men
It comes the harbinger of light
And civilizing arts of life.

And in the march of intellect,
How often hath it shown the way,
Like the dove loosed from out the ark,
Or Sinai's guiding column's glow!

Of old that glorious flag with ours
A jealous rivalry maintained:
Deeming itself the only peer
Of ours in the race for fame.

In many a famous battle then;
In every quarter of the world,
With ours it measured strength with strength,—
Victor and vanquished each in turn.

One day our *fleurs de lys* were doomed
Before that rival flag to bow;
But if it wrought us sorrow then,
It since has taught us to forget.

And if to-day it floats above
Those ramparts that were French of yore,
It waves above a people free,
And losing nothing of their rights.

Let us forget the stormy days;
And since, my son, we have to-day
That banner waving o'er our heads,
We must salute it reverently.

—But, father,—pardon if I dare;—
Is there not yet another—ours?
—Ah! *that*,—that's quite another thing;—
And we must kiss it on our knees.

Babe, if rhyme be none,
For that sweet small word
Babe, the sweetest one
Ever heard,

In one of his later effusions, entitled "A Rhyme," the author of "Atalanta in Calydon" plays with the notion that there is no rhyme for "babe," save one, "astrolabe."

Right it is and meet
Rhyme should keep not true
Time with such a sweet
Thing as you.

Meet it is that rhyme
Should not gain such grace:
What is April's prime
To your face?
What to yours is May's
Rosiest smile? What sound
Like your laughter sways
All hearts round?

None can tell in metre
Fit for ears on earth
What sweet star grew sweeter
At your birth.
Wisdom doubts what may be:
Hope, with smile sublime,
Trusts, but neither, baby,
Knows the rhyme.

Wisdom lies down lonely:
Hope keeps watch from far;
None but one seer only
Sees the star.
Love alone, with yearning
Heart for astrolabe,
Takes the star's height, burning
O'er the babe.

Is it possible that some kindred thought prompted Peter Abélard to give the name of "Astrolabe" to his son? He begins the "Versus ad Astralabium Filium" in this way:

Astralabi fili, vitæ dulcedo paternæ
Doctrinæ studio pauca relinquō tuæ,
Major discendi tibi sit quam cūa docendi,
Hinc aliis etenim profici, inde tibi.

Then he goes on to give various counsel, dwelling much on the value of true friendship:

Omnia dona Dei transcendit verus amicus:
Divitiis cunctis anteferendus hic est.
Nullus pauper erit thesauro prædictus isto,
Qui quo rarior est, hoc pretiosior est.

To pass from the astrolabe of metaphor and the rarer astrolabe of nomenclature, to the astrolabe of earlier astronomy, some of our readers may recall the curious find of such an instrument some years ago in the path of Champlain's journey, in 1613, between the Ottawa river and Muskrat Lake. An interesting paper on the subject, by Mr. A. J. Russell, with a beautiful photograph of the astrolabe and a map of the explorer's route, was published ten years ago by the Burland-Desbarats Co., and attracted considerable attention among students of history and science. Mr. Russell bases his claim that it once belonged to Champlain on an error in his latitude of the present town of Pembroke. This error, however, in Mr. Russell's opinion, is simply a continuation of a previous error made at a place now called Gould's Landing, which Champlain failed to correct, because, having lost his astrolabe, he had no trustworthy means for determining the latitude.

Mr. Russell, whose treatise, published in 1879, has already become scarce, makes the discovery of the astrolabe under such singular circumstances, the occasion for an instructive retrospect on the development and application of scientific knowledge to the art of navigation. He traces the use of the astrolabe back to the Chaldæans, whose instruments, as shown by the fragment of one found by the late George Smyth amid the ruins of Kouyunji, were superior to those of modern times. Champlain's bore the date 1603 and was among the latest employed in navigation by the western nations.

Navigation has been so revolutionized even within the memory of the living that it is difficult to realize the unfavourable conditions under which sea-faring men in a comparatively recent past pursued their hazardous calling. In 1714 an act was passed by the British Parliament offering £10,000 to any one who should invent a method of determining the longitude to one degree of a great circle, or sixty geographical miles; £15,000, if it were determined to two-thirds, and £20,000, if to one-half, of that distance. The prize was awarded to John Harrison in the year 1773, forty-five years after he had begun his experiment, and nearly sixty years after the announcement of the offer had been first made. "The amount of these awards," writes Mr. Samuel Smiles, "is sufficient proof of the fearful necessity for improvement which then existed in the methods of navigation."

MUSIC AND THE STAGE

It is again reported that Sir Arthur Sullivan has in contemplation a serious opera, intended for Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new theatre in Shaftesbury avenue, London, and set to a libretto by Mr. Julian Sturges.

The famous baritone Santley is said to be so admirable a painter, both in oils and water colours, that he could take rank with professional artists. Santley, it seems, has made an engagement to visit New Zealand.

The Booth-Modeska combination will begin its tour in Pittsburgh on September 30, and the Broadway theatre, New York, October 14, where a season of eight weeks will be begun with a revival of "Hamlet." Modeska appearing as Ophelia.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, TORONTO.—This well known house opened for the season on Monday last, Sept. 2d, with Mr. N. C. Goodwin, supported by a company of well known artists, in "A Gold Mine." The play is based on purely legitimate lines, and is said to be the best in which Mr. Goodwin has yet appeared for the display of his gifts. The "Grand" is more comfortable and prettier than ever this season, thanks to Manager O. B. Shepard. The entrance has been redecorated and the whole theatre touched up.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.—Monday, Aug. 26th, saw the opening of this popular house. "The Boy Tramp," represented by Madame Neuville and her son, was the attraction, and their play was greeted by an audience of 1,200 people. The theatre had been thoroughly redecorated and carpeted, and is in all respects comfortable and well finished. The newly appointed manager, Mr. Jno. A. Tool, who has had a large experience in the theatrical world, and under his supervision the house will lose none of its old popularity. "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain, is the play for the present week.

Many actors, great or small, very often make serious mistakes in attempting new plays different from their usual style. Few comedians are truly successful in tragedy, and vice versa. All branches of dramatic art are studies in themselves. Of course there are exceptions, and, perhaps, one of the most successful exception is at present to be seen in Toronto, where Mr. Nat. C. Goodwin is playing "A Gold Mine." Heretofore the popular young actor has devoted his time to farce—broad and pure; but now his latest attempt—nay, his latest accomplishment, for the American press gives him flattering praise—is serious drama. In fact, so clever is he in "A Gold Mine" that, while one moment his audience are in tears, the next are in fits of laughter, and the actor's efforts are throughout genuine and easy.

"The Fairy's Well," a romantic Irish drama, will follow "Mankind" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, on September 9, and Mr. W. Powers, the manager, promises an unusually brilliant production, with magnificient scenery and novel mechanical effects. A legend of All Hallowe'en in Irish life is interwoven with the plot, and the merry games, dances and songs of the peasantry will be produced in the play. One scene, representing a extract of real water dashing over a mountain precipice, will be decidedly realistic. This event will be interesting by reason of the debut of Carroll Johnson, a handsome and clever comedian, as a star. The play is said to afford Mr. Johnson every opportunity for the display of his versatility, and the introduction of a number of his songs and dances. The supporting cast will be composed of actors and actresses well known in that city.

"Ferncliff," an original comedy-drama, by William Haworth, will have its first New York presentation September 9 at the Union Square Theatre. The play is said to be founded on incidents of the late rebellion, but the author has utilized only the dramatic and not the political side of the story. The time for all such stuff as the didactic drama of "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" has fortunately passed away. The stage possibilities of the rebellion have long been recognized, but it is only within a few years that they can be ventured upon. Even now it is scarcely wise to picture or even suggest the horrors of those terrible contests. "Ferncliff" presents none of these. All is interesting and refined. The characters are true to life, being those of simple country people in their sweet home life, in which domesticity, pathos, a beautiful love story and the heroic are intelligently and naturally interlaced. Rehearsals of "Ferncliff" are now going on.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, TORONTO.—Much interest is being shown in Toronto at present in its latest addition in the form of amusement. This addition is the above named cost of \$100,000, not including ground preparation. The Academy is to be completed about the 1st of October. It is situated on the south side of King street, near York, in the centre of the city, and easily reached from all points by street cars, one block from four of the leading hotels and the railway station, thus affording companies an opportunity, if necessary, to catch the late trains going west. The house is situated on the ground floor, having a gallery. The seating capacity will be 1,500, with extra chairs. The stage is 38 ft. by 69 ft. and 50 ft. high, with

proscenium arch. The arch itself is 38 ft. high and 37 ft. wide. The dressing rooms, seven in all, will be fitted out in the latest style, giving every comfort to companies playing at the Academy. The house will be lighted by gas and electric lights, and heated by steam. Attached are cloak rooms, smoking rooms, and all modern conveniences. The chairs are velvet plush, and are fitted with hat racks and umbrella stands. No expense or trouble will be spared to make the Academy of Music the most comfortable and popular house in Toronto. In connection with the Academy is a large and handsome ball-room, easily reached from the theatre and making a beautiful promenade. In November an art exhibition is to be held in the ball-room, which promises to be a grand affair. Over two hundred celebrated paintings, etc., will be brought from New York at a cost of \$3,000. Mr. Percy L. Green, the manager of the Academy, will make his house a success if any one can. He is well known in Toronto and popular with all classes. Having a large theatrical and musical acquaintance and a long experience in the dramatic world, he is well fitted for his post. This is shown, indeed, by the names of the patrons of the Academy. This season the attractions provided are excellent in every way and new to Toronto audiences.

FASHION NOTES.

Fichu jackets are novel and most useful, for they can be worn over any low bodice. They are rather high at the back, but very open in the front, the vandyke edges just meeting across the bust and then receding. The sleeves are short, very full, and exceedingly pretty, with double edgings falling round the arm, but caught up high at the top. These jackets are to be had in tinted and black lace. Some of the new jerseys, gauged at the throat and top of the arm, have a scarf fastened and gauged on the top of one shoulder, carried across the bust and looped in a large, loose bow at the side.

Graceful and pretty home dresses are made of hunters' green or old rose cashmere, the backs in princess breadth and the fronts cut off at the waist line, with an Empire or full-gathered vest of surah or China silk, finished with a soft gash of the same edged with deep silk fringe and knotted at the left side. The underskirt of silk is accordian-pleated, or else laid in lengthwise tucks, brier-stitched about half a yard deep. The skirt falls from thence in natural folds, which flare considerably, but are held in place by the tucks above. Four or five rows of ribbon are frequently laid across the foot of the skirt. The sleeves are tucked to correspond, or the mutton leg or bishop sleeve is substituted, with ribbon bows around the deep cuffs.

The desire to rise above law and rule and be individual is noticeable not only in dress and its accessories, but in the matter of the coiffure. As a result there is a pleasing medley of styles in hairdressing, no one fashion seeming to lead. The emigrant twist is popular with many, especially with women who like the princess bonnet. There are high coiffures in Cleveland, Josephine and Pompadour styles, and low coiffures in Russian fashion accompanying the short full hang over the forehead; in Greek style, with classic fillets of gold or silver over the front of the coiffure; in Catigan fashion, with shining braids looped low on the neck; and in other styles, curled and caught with jewelled pins at the back, or arranged in many varieties of the aesthetic English order.

While all the world of fashion is making itself merry through the gay summer-time at the various resorts, busy heads and hands everywhere are making ready for the season that is to follow so closely in the footsteps of this rapidly retreating one, and are deciding what shall be presented in retreating one, and are deciding what shall be presented in the way of high novelties for wear when the cool days call for change of raiment. Word has already come from the centres of fashion that velvet, that most regal of all fabrics, will be worn a great deal this autumn and winter. Not the brocaded velvets, nor the striped stuffs, but the plain-surfaced silk velvet. This beautiful fabric can never be too highly valued; and why should it? It stands alone among all the textiles; nothing takes its place. It is beautiful in its own unaided beauty. It needs nothing in the way of ornament or trimming to enhance its stately loveliness. It is the queen of all the materials that was ever made, and the very fact that it is to head the list augurs a season of rich and elegant dressing, with stately lines and dignified effects. Thick corded silk will also be fashionable, making a marked contrast, indeed, to the soft yielding stuffs that have been the favoured wear in silk stumps during the summer. The woolens that will be the most generally worn this autumn will, it is prophesied, be quite profusely embroidered, either all over the surface or as a deep border. Some samples of the latter have been received, and dresses made from them are already brought home by returning European travellers, as a little hint of the preparation already being made for the approaching autumn and winter.

Cashmere of an olive, mignonette or Egyptian green—a bright, rather dark shade—embroidered with a broad border in an oriental design, makes a charming costume worn in the form of a princess polonaise, or with tunic divided from the bodice and very slightly draped. As to the mixture of materials, it seems just now as though it would consist only in putting into dress sleeves a different stuff from the body of a gown. The French dressmakers began this odd innovation early in the summer, and they are still carrying out the idea. To what extent it will obtain during the autumn and winter it is, of course, quite impossible to say, but it is not at all uncommon now in either Paris or London.



EXPLAINING HIS SMALLNESS.—"How is it your Tommy is so small for his age, Mrs. Briggs?" "Oh, the little dear always was a shrinking child," explained its mother.

EXPLODED THEORY: "What do you think of the Baconian theory, Mr. Noodles?" "I—ah—weakly, Miss Vassar, I never could see any sense in those Baconian's—and vegetables know—y—know."

"I WANT the library," said Mr. Gaskell to the architect, "to be the largest and airiest room in the house." "I don't see that you want with a library," interposed Mrs. Gaskell; "you know very well you don't smoke."

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.—Judge: "Prisoner,

what have you to say in your defence?" Prisoner: "Your

Lordship is right. I have engaged no lawyer to defend me,

and I trust this mitigating circumstance will be taken into account."

REHEARSING FOR CHARADES.—Freddy: "Now, Charlie, you must propose to Angelina (in her sixth season), and Angie, you must refuse him. It shall be 'Paradise Lost.' See?" Charlie (thoughtlessly): "They'll never guess it in the world."

A LITTLE knot of gentlemen seated in front of the Arlington in Washington recently, were discussing literary matters. "By the way, Senator," said one, "what book do you think has helped you most?" "Um—so—well, I guess maybe the pocket-book."

PROTECTING HER RIGHTS.—Alfred (rapturously): "Now, darling, please name the happy day." Minnie (blushing): "Three weeks from next Thursday, Alfred." Norah (through the keyhole): "Av you plaze, Miss, that's me reglar day out. Yer'll have to git married in the early part of the wake."

BOSTON GIRL: "Did you ever! The Arkansas Legislature has enacted that in all official proceedings the name of the State shall be pronounced 'Arkansas'!" Cultured Mother: "It's monstrous! If our Legislature should insist on such an outlandish pronunciation of Massachusetts, it would cause the biggest kind of an indignation meeting in Funnel Hall."

A CLINCHER.—Outraged Erin: Gintlin, I wud like to ask thin Amerikins wan thing: Who doog the canals uv the country but furiners? Who built the railroads uv the country but furiners? Who worruks the mines uv the country but furiners? Who does the votin' for the country but furiners? And who the devil dischoovered the country but furiners?

SCOTCHMEN are fond of an argument, and delight to pick flaws in an opponent's logic. Two blacksmiths were once conversing as to which was the first trade in the world. One insisted that it must have been gardening, and quoted from Genesis, "Adam was put into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." "Ay, John," retorted the other, who had stood up for his own trade; "but wha made the spades?"

A NOTORIOUS poacher was brought up recently before the Sheriff Court at Jedburgh for engaging in his nefarious practices of illegally killing salmon. He was found guilty, and fined 30s, or ten days' imprisonment. Pleading inability to pay the fine, the Sheriff begged him how long he would require to make it up. "Weel, my Lord," returned the culprit, scratching his head, "that a' depends on hoo the fish come up the water."

HIS LITTLE FAMILY.—"Do you get all the work you can do?" asked a gentleman of a negro whom he had hired to do some outdoor jobs for him. "Yes, sah, 'bout all; en I needs hit to keep my little family a goin', sah." "How much of a family have you?" "Well, lemme see; dat's me en my ole woman, dat's two; en Lizy en Marthy, en Bertha en Andy en Sidney en Jinny en Billy en Sally en Minty, dat's nine single ones; en den dar's de twins, Ad'naram en Eb'nezer—leben in all. Yo' see dat's quite a considerable few, sah."

SO ARTLESS.—He stood in a doorway on Woodward Avenue the other rainy day with an umbrella in his hand, and he seemed to be waiting for an opportunity. One soon came tripping along. She had no umbrella, and he stepped out, raised his own and began: "Excuse me, but—" "Oh, certainly," she laughingly exclaimed. "You are very, very kind. I shall always remember that. Good-bye." And she took the umbrella from his grasp and tripped away without ever once looking back, and he returned to the shelter of the doorway to exclaim: "There goes a \$5 umbrella and here stands an idiot who has been sold for a cent."

Trif-Bits, an English publication, tells the following good story relating to a certain country magistrate:—He is a stout old abstainer and a cyclist, and his severity towards "drunk and disorderlies" is almost proverbial. Not long ago he sentenced a brace of these genty to a fort-night's salutary exercise on the treadmill, and as the story goes, last week he met the men as he was ascending a pretty stiff hill on a heavy tricycle, over a rough road, and in face of a stiff wind. "Why, Bill," exclaimed one to the other, "blowed if this ain't the bloke that sent us on the mill!" "Yus," was the response, "and now he's a gettin' upstairs himself! Wonder how he likes it! Go it, guv'nor! We're out; it's your turn now."



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 16, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional to acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1889.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.

THE

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A CANDIED OPINION.

LITTLE BERTHA (out for a walk with her brother-in-law): "Well, I must say, my sister married into a nice kind of family; — we have passed two candy stores already, and he takes no notice of them whatever."

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To Toronto:

On September 15th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th..... \$10.00
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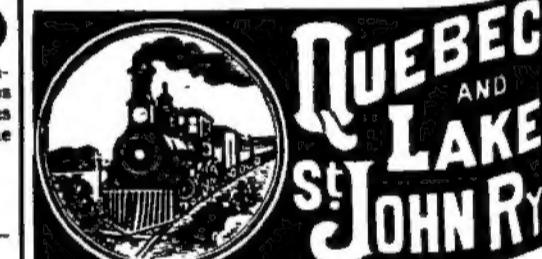
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